

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

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ascended in a stately manner to the sky. When the solemnities were concluded, Devotion, the priestess, with a serene brow, pronounced a benediction, and dismissed the assembly.

Withdrawing silently from the temple, we repaired to a spacious hall in the mansion, where long tables were spread, furnished abundantly with plain and wholesome provisions. At these tables a healthy, handsome woman presided, called Temperance; who did the honors of her board with perfect grace, and with the warmest hospitality. But there was one singular custom; upon a certain signal, given by herself, every one present ceased to regale; and if a cup or dish had been tasted by any of the company afterwards, it would have been considered as a personal affront to the lady herself. Happiness assured me, that if, on any occasion, Temperance chanced to be absent from her place, she herself, (being always subject to fits,) faint at table, could never be revived till Temperance brought her restoratives.

The signal being given, the whole company rose from table, and immediately repaired to their respective rooms. Those to which Happiness first conducted me, and which formed one extensive wing of the building, were under the superintendence of Industry, that brisk youth on whose arm Happiness leaned when I first met her; and who was, she told me, with the exception of Devotion, her nearest relation. This long suite of rooms was variously furnished, according to the different rank and circumstances of the inhabitants. Here were to be heard the clatter of machinery, the groans of the engine, the strokes of the hammer, and the roaring of the forge. There were to be seen the implements of husbandry, and the bustle of trade. Further on, I observed countless numbers of females, plying the busy needle. Beyond these, we reached apartments of greater elegance; over which two persons presided of remarkably interesting appearance; called Science and Literature. The former, a silver-headed sage, of a mild, venerable aspect; before whom, as we approached, I involuntarily made a low prostration. The latter, an ardent, interesting youth, with a fine eye and a pale cheek; he wore a wreath of evergreens on his temples, and was attended by all the muses. As we passed him, I turned to Happiness, and inquired if she did not expect the greater proportion of her time in this part of her residence. She smiled at the question, and replied, that she was prevented from showing any such partiality, by certain evils, which occasionally infested her domains, and which often compelled her to fly from one apartment to another, especially if she had stayed in any of them rather longer than usual. "Here, for instance," said she, "there are two or three little impudent demons, called Ambition, Envy, and Irregularity, who tease that poor youth daily, and make him look so pale and wan; for my own part, I have so great an antipathy to them, that I can never stay in the same room with any of them, so that, I assure you, I am glad, sometimes, to make my escape from these parts to go yonder and sing, among the spinning wheels. There is, however," continued she, "an amiable handmaid of Devotion's, of low stature, called Humility, who has power to charm away these intruders; and when they send her to solicit my return, she never fails to bring me back again."

She next led me to the other great wing of the building, where I observed the apartments were fitted up with the greatest attention to comfort and accommodation. Here presided a glowing, warm-hearted, interesting looking creature, called Affection. As we approached, she smiled sweetly upon us; but there was a tear in her eye, and something of anxiety in her expression. As I looked into the many rooms which formed this division of the building, I beheld cheerful fires blazing, and small domestic circles formed around them. There were smiling mothers, with infants in their arms; and fathers, with groups of rosy children climbing their knees; there were brothers and sisters, walking hand in hand; and hoary heads reclining on youthful bosoms. "This is a pretty sight," said I; "Yes," said Happiness, "and perhaps, if I had any preference, it is here that I should most frequently repose. But I must tell you, that these apartments are peculiarly subject to invasion. There is a stern matron called Affliction, wearing a mourning habit, who walks up and down this gallery, and is continually turning in to one or other of the rooms; whenever she appears, I am obliged to retire; but during my absence, Devotion, when applied to, dispatches two gentle handmaids, called Peace and Resignation, who are the most excellent substitutes I could employ. And if they are treated courteously, and made heartily welcome, it is seldom long before I show my face again; I have heard it remarked, that I never look so healthy, nor wear so cheerful a smile, as after I have been banished for a time, by that stern matron. There are some few of these rooms, indeed, where she has been so busy, that I have never since been able to gain free admittance; I am not even invited to return: they complain that my eye is too bright, and my manners too lively; and they find Peace and Resignation more congenial associates. Yet, there are times when I steal in unperceived, behind one or other of these handmaids, and deliver the party, though they do not suspect it am there.

"But the worst enemy these apartments have to dread, is an ugly noisy fiend, called Discord; who occasionally crawls in through some breach, which Charity (whose business it is to keep the hangings in repair) has left unguarded. When this happens, I fly quite out of hearing; and

cannot be prevailed upon to return, unless that kind-hearted girl comes, with an apology, to petition for my reappearance. As to Affliction, I am far from regarding her as an enemy; she is, in fact, but a faithful ally. You observed the vast numbers that flocked to the palace of Pleasure; it is always thus that she succeeds in leading off a large majority. And although comparatively few ever make their escape from her snare, yet, for that few, I am almost entirely indebted to the address of Affliction. Of all the messengers I dispatch with invitations to my abode, none are so successful as she. You would be surprised to hear how many of the inhabitants of this place have been first driven by her from the palace of Pleasure, and then led by Devotion to our quiet valley."

The last suite of rooms I visited, was on the upper story; and they presented a very interesting and busy scene. A benignant personage, called Benevolence, presided here. The moment we ascended, I observed that a fresh glow overspread the face of Happiness, and her eyes beamed with more than their wonted effulgence. She met Benevolence with a cordial salutation, though it was but a hasty one; for he declared he had so much business on his hands, that he could not stay even to talk with Happiness. We followed him, however, through several different rooms, where there was much to gratify my curiosity. In one of these, I saw a small circle of females, surrounded with a crowd of widows and orphans, to whom they distributed coats and garments. In one long apartment I saw thousands of children, of all colors and countries, receiving instruction. And while some were engaged in their studies, others were running and frolicking in the gallery; and up and down the staircase, with piles of Bibles under their arms, which they distributed to every creature that passed.

"Here," said I, "I should presume no evil powers dare intrude. At that, Benevolence shook his head; 'In time,' said he, 'we hope to expel them entirely; but I can assure you, that if I but fall asleep for a few minutes, there are two officious beings, called Ostentation and Party-spirit, who have the impudence to wear my dress; however,' said he, 'I must be confessed, that these impudent fellows work very hard, and do a great deal of business for me, so that I should sometimes scarcely know how to get on without them; and till I have more of my own family grown up, I am obliged to wink at their intrusion. Sometimes, indeed, I am quite ashamed to see how much they do for me, and how much I do myself.'

I had now visited all the great divisions of the building; and Happiness said it would be endless to conduct me through every secret passage, and into every retired closet, to which no one had access but herself. When she ceased to speak, I gazed at her and sighed: "Alas!" said I, "and is it so, that even your sanctuary is thus liable to invasions, and that those who come to reside under your protection cannot insure your presence for an hour: whether then shall I go? 'Forbear these murmurings,' said she, 'and follow me.' I did so; and she led me once more to the temple of Devotion. We found the priestess employed in framing the frame on her altar, which during the light and hazy day, was so dim, very apt to languish. Happiness told her my complaint, and she thus addressed me:

"Know you not, poor mortal," she said, "that although Happiness has been permitted to erect a temporary residence in this valley, it is not her hereditary estate; and that she reigns here only by a limited and precarious right? Her paternal mansion is in a different sphere; there her reign will be absolute, and her presence perpetual; and there the inhabitants of the valley will eventually accompany her. From the upper windows of this temple," continued she, "the golden towers of that palace are occasionally visible; when the sky is clear and the air serene, I can always distinguish them. Do but look steadily, for a time, and you also may perceive them." I turned my tearful eyes towards the quarter where Devotion pointed; but a gross vapor, rising from the earth, prevented my discerning a single turret. Devotion, however, assured me that they were there; and I believed her.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot from Paris. It was the darkest hour in the French Revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of this reign of terror, stripped of every vestige of property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was to be a beggar and a wanderer in a strange land, to earn his daily bread by his daily labor. "Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and replied: "There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain, but whether an American or Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand, who, in his life, was bishop, prince, and prime-minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked, and entered.

In the far corner of the dimly-lighted room sat a man of some fifty years, his arms folded, and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath the down-cast brows, and gazed upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was a striking outline;

the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form vigorous, even with the snows of fifty years, was clad in dark, but distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced, stated that he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, solicited his kind feeling and offices.

He poured out upon him his history in eloquent French and broken English. "I am a wanderer and exile, I am forced to fly to a new world, without a friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter of yours so that I may be able to earn my daily bread. The scenes of Paris have filled me with horror, and a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to your friends? A gentleman like you has, doubtless, many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next room, his eyes looking still from beneath his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning: "I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say I have not a friend—not one in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look which accompanied these few words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the strange man retreated towards the next room—"what is your name?"

"My name," he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression: "my name is *Bene-dict Arnold*."

He was gone! Talleyrand sunk into a chair, gasping the words: "*Arnold, the Traitor!*"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Chin, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow!

A DISSERTATION ON WOMEN'S DUTY.

WE hear a great deal said in these days about the sphere of woman, and not infrequently some would-be wise theorist tells us that woman was never intended by God or nature for an outdoor life. Her sphere is in the home, and so forth, to the end of all that chapter of sentimentality.

Now, we have not the least wish to take women out of the home, or to destroy the beautiful relations of harmony, that should exist within its borders. But we do wish to look at this matter without having the distorting cobwebs of conventionalism hanging between us and the truth. Home is the appropriate sphere of woman, but do not the garden, the bar-yard, the field, the forest, the hillside, all belong to the home? If we want for testimony as to what God and nature intended, we think we shall find it all on the side of outdoor employments for women.

God put the first woman into a garden as a helpmate for man; of course, as his work was among the plants of that beautiful and happy Eden, it was Eve's business to help him. We do not find one word upon record of her being shut indoors with an airtight stove and latched windows. Sarah seems to have made long journeys and pilgrimages with her lord in the open air, and Rebecca is introduced to us drawing water at the well, and giving drink not only to the servants of Abraham, but to his camels also. Rachel kept her father's sheep, and Ruth, the beautiful and faithful, gloried in the fields.

Solomon said of the virtuous woman: Her price is above rubies. She seeketh wool and flax and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchant's ship: she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field and buyeth it, and with the fruit of her own hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength and strengtheneth her arms.

We will not continue the quotations, but refer our readers to the last chapter of Proverbs, and particularly to the last verse.

Through all history we find women of all nations engaged, in part, in agriculture. The Spartan mothers tilled the soil while the fathers won the honors on the battlefield.

In England and France, where there is said to be the highest culture and refinement, there is far more attention paid to outdoor labor by women than in the United States.

One fact is everywhere patent, that where women do live in the open air, either to perform labor, or enjoy sport, there is a harder race of both men and women, than where they confine themselves to the house.

No woman need desert our necessary home care, by mingling horticulture or agriculture with her daily labors. Drop off the unnecessary indoor work, and use the time thus gained for the outdoor duty. It will soon give so much additional health and vigor, that even the indoor toil will seem much less. Feeble and delicate persons must of course make small efforts in the beginning, that the end may be an entire success.—*California Farmer*.

A WARM BATH WAGER.

SMITH was a man who never permitted himself to be outdone—he could do what

ever anybody else could. Smith met Brown in a bath-room, and Brown, knowing the other's peculiar conceit, said that he (Brown) could endure a hotter bath than any living man; thereat, Smith fired up, and a bet was made. Two bathing-tubs were prepared, with six inches of water in each. The fellows stripped, and separated by a cloth partition, each one got in and let on the hot water at the word—the wager being who should stay in the longest with the hot water running. Smith drew up his feet as far as possible from the boiling stream, while Brown pulled out the plug in the bottom of his tub. After about half a minute, quoth Smith:

"How is it, Brown—pretty warm?" "Yes," said the other, "its getting a mighty hot, but I guess I can hold out a minute yet."

"So can I," answered Smith. "Scissors—lightning—it's awful!"

Fifteen seconds, equal to half an hour by Smith's imaginary watch.

"I say, over there—how is it now?" "O, Christopher!" answered the diabolical villain, who was lying in the empty tub, while the hot water passed out of the escape-pipe.

By this time Smith was plunging about like a boiled lobster, and called again: "I say, over there—how is it now?" "Hot as the devil!" replied Brown; "but—where! scissors—guess I can hold out another minute!"

"The hell's fire you can!" shrieked the now boiling Smith, who rolled out, and boiled through the partition, expecting to find the other quite cooked.

"You infernal rascal! why didn't you put the plug in?"

"Why, I didn't agree to," said the imperturbable joker, "why in thunder didn't you leave your tub out?"

THE ANT AND GRASSHOPPER.

A FABLE.

As an Ant was out one hot day in summer, searching for food for herself and family, she met a Grasshopper, who was leisurely sipping the juice from a ripe fallen peach; and, going up with a polite bow, asked to join in the feast.

The Grasshopper slowly raised his head, and, surveying her for some time with a look of offended dignity, thus spoke:

"I do not wish to disgrace myself by eating or associating with menials like you, who have to labor constantly for a single meal, while Providence has so liberally provided for me that I need 'bake no thought for the morrow,' or, like you, be always hoarding up treasures for some far-distant day."

"Well," replied the Ant, "I can easily procure a dinner somewhere else; but, remember, that those who have more pride and selfishness than wisdom and benevolence, will come to want sooner or later."

So saying, she marched away with a quickened step, and left the Grasshopper to his own enjoyment and reflections.

One cold morning in autumn, the Ant in her rambles found the proud Grasshopper clinging, with a stiffened grasp, to a dry weed that was being blown about by the cold wind, nearly starved and frozen to death. Seeing him in this pitiable condition, she tried to assist him, and cutting away a few leaves, which let the sun shine upon him, he began to revive, and, faintly and weakly, said:

"Alas! I see now that in my prosperity I looked upon you as greatly my inferior, and my pride prevented me from acknowledging your good qualities, which in my vanity, I even despised. The winter is nigh, for which I have made no provision, and I must soon die; while your industry and foresight have supplied you with an abundant store of food and comfort. The moral is plainly told."

EDUCATING THE HEART.

IT is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head and to forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it, and the child is solicited to reflection when he is only susceptible of sensation and emotion. In infancy the attention and memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart, and a father will instill more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotyped aphorisms.

No physician doubts that precocious children, in fifty cases for one, are much worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained and the foundations of insanity are laid. When the studies of maturer years are stuffed into the child's head, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man. The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted mainly to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles rather than to the acquirement of facts as usually called knowledge.

Nature itself points out such a course for the emotions are then the liveliest and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that men are hereafter to draw their sun of happiness or misery. The action of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than reflection, in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should not think profoundly.

SKETCH OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

GEN. P. G. TOULISSANT BEAUREGARD, the commander-in-chief at Charleston, was born on his father's plantation, near New Orleans. He is a descendant of the most aristocratic Southern families. His father was a wealthy and influential Louisiana planter. His mother was of Italian origin, and descended from the ancient Neapolitan family of Italy. Gen. Beauregard entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, at an early age, where he graduated in 1838, taking the second honors in a class of forty-five graduates, and was appointed to the corps of engineers. He was promoted to a first Lieutenant in June, 1840, and in that capacity served with great distinction during the Mexican war. He was twice brevetted "for gallant and meritorious conduct" in the field, the first time as captain for the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, to date from August 20, 1847; and again as Major for the battle of Chapultepec, to date from the 13th September of that year.

Gen. Beauregard is about forty-three years of age, in the prime of life and vigorous health, erect as a soldier, well made and remarkably active. There is great spirit and determination in his look, and he evidently possesses great muscular power. The great characteristic of the General is perfect method in all his plans. He is regarded one of the ablest officers that ever was in the American army.

A NEW CANNON.

IN these days of steam fire engines and super-heated steam, we wonder if some of our ingenious people cannot invent a steam field battery or cannon that will furnish its own motive power, and do its own shooting. Can electro-magnetism be usefully employed for the purposes above indicated?—*Scientific American*.

The above suggestion of our contemporary has already been anticipated by Mr. J. Mayall, of Roxbury, who is known as a successful inventor of numerous practical improvements patented by him. He has produced a battery or cannon in which all the motions of loading, firing, swabbing, etc., are accomplished automatically, and capable of throwing from 20 to 80 balls a minute. It is designed to be worked either by hand, animal or steam power, being entirely self-regulating in its action, and adapted for field-artillery, forts, and vessels.

We think it would be a most interesting "peep-show."—*Boston Courier*.

PLAYING FOR KEEPS.

"On! Sam, come now," said a smart little fellow to his playmate upon the church steps, "let's play for keeps, there ain't a bit of fun playing for nothing."

"No sicee," answered Sam, "my Ma says playing for keeps ain't fair."

"Oh! pshaw! don't every body play for keeps? didn't Bill Irving play for keeps? ain't he dailly a preacher, eh?"

"I don't care if he was forty preacher's sons, he nor his father either, don't know more than my mother does, I'll bet you, and when she tells me its wrong, I don't do it, for she never told me a lie in her life."

"Well, just this once."

"No, we'll make believe play for keeps; that'll be just the same thing you know, and you may get all mine if you can, or I'll get all yours, but when we are done we'll give them all back—Mother says that's the way."

All this I heard as I passed down State street the other day from two little boys who were preparing their marbles for a play on the pavement. "Mother says that's the way," bless his little heart. He will bring his bigger, stronger, better dressed companion to his terms; the play will be finished without a squabble or quarrel. Neither of the boys will go home with a headache over his lost playthings; and what is more than all, there will be no blunting of the sensibilities of that oracle within, which is ever preaching such unanswerable sermons of justice and right, to the pure and true heart.

And happy mother! where shall we go to find another who will be such a rock of strength to her boy in the time of temptation? Such are the mothers we need, and such we must have, ere we can have a good and true world. The sons of such mothers never get into our jails or penitentiaries. They are the salt of the earth.—*San Francisco Paper*.

JUDGE NOT FROM APPEARANCES.

"WHEN I was eleven years old my mother removed to the country. Our nearest neighbor was a minister by the name of Wayland, who, in addition to his ministerial duties, owned and cultivated a large farm. One night my attention was attracted to a bright light in one of the upper rooms of our neighbor's house. In a moment I saw the wife fly past the uncurtained window, closely followed by the husband, who was armed with a huge fire-shovel—reined the room she went, still pursued, and as I listened breathlessly, I thought, nay, I was sure, I heard a scream. I hastened to my mother and told her what I had seen, and we both looked out, but the light was gone, and all was quiet. Notwithstanding my mother's judicious warning, to say nothing of our own about it, before school was out the next day I had confided it to my bosom friend, and in a week, half the village knew it, and a great talk it made. I assure you. Finally, it reached the ears of the deacons, who at once proceeded to investigate its truth. My mother looked

grave and troubled when they called, but, conscious of having told only the truth, I met them fearlessly, and related what I had seen. Then they left, taking a 'bes line' for the minister's to call him to account. With many apologies, they made known their errand, when, to their surprise, the minister burst into a hearty laugh. 'Wait a moment,' said he, 'till I call Tolly.' You see, that night I found a big rat in the meal-chest, and came down for the shovel, and bade her hold the light while I killed him. Finding no other place to hide, the rascal took refuge in the folds of her dress, and she ran, screaming, till I managed to dislodge and kill him."

"I have, ever since, been careful not to repeat an unfavorable report about my neighbors, at least until I know the whole truth."

WHY DIGGEST THOU?

THE following amusing caricature, by a physician who wandered away to California, and turned miser, is pretty good:

"WHY WILL'Y DIG? Son of man! for the light of whose presence my spirit yearned, and my bowels grumbled, doth thou ask me 'why?' Is it not written, 'that fortune smiles upon fools?' And for the sake of these smiles, hath not thy servant been